# THE MAKING OF A MAN---THE LIFE STORY OF JETER C. PRITCHARD

## A "Bound" Boy, Who Educated Himself, Studied Law by Candle-Light, and Earned an Eminent Judgeship.

## A Youth Who Ran Away 35 Miles Over the Mountains at Night to Learn to Write, and Became an Editor.

JETER C. PRITCHARD,

Whose life gives a remarkable illustration of what American pluck can accomplish under American conditions.

## A Farmer Who Borrowed Books to Read Before Breakfast, at Dinner Time, and Far Into Night.

## A Jurist and Statesman Whose Heart Has Held True to the Plain Teaching of a Struggling, Hard Life.

THE members of the bar had been summoned to the dingy old courtroom by word of mouth from office to office. They had responded by overflowing into the benches set apart for the jury and the desks used by the clerks, until there was hardly room for the newspaper reporters. One of their number, particularly noted among them for grace of speech, was presenting to the retiring justice, with much eloquence and many compliments, a costly and handsome silver bowl. And the object of all their interest stood self-controlled and impassive before a gloomy painting of the first President, himself as tall, as powerful of frame, and as silent as the pictured Father of His Country.

No doubt, to the lawyers who heard that eulogium that afternoon, the scene was the distinctive glory of a notable life. Surely, it was enough that a man had earned his way to the front of a great profession, and had earned as well the affection of his associates in that profession. Surely, no character could receive a greater tribute than promotion from court of justice to court of justice with the applause of those who contended before him ringing clearly in his ears.

Yet, had the man himself been asked, he would probably have cited as the greatest glory of his life, a scene of the broadest contrast—a roadside home on a little farm in North Carolina, where a strapping young boy and his resolute girl wife pored together far into the night over two threadbare law books, borrowed from a neighbor miles away. There are eyes in this world that see in perspective always; and the eyes of that judge, shining over the heads of those lawyers, were eyes of that sort.

### From Pioneer Days.

We are inclined, these days, to think of pioneer America as a picturesque legend. The days when men broke virgin ground, when stumps fought the farmer for title to the soil, when boys were "bound out" like temporary slaves, even the days when townsman and countryman stopped at their work to hear with set jaws the last news from "the front," now exist for most of us only in books. But the country is full of men who tie that period and ours together with their lives; and—maybe it was the time, maybe the men themselves—it is to be noted everywhere that all the progress of a new age has not swept those men from their high station among their fellows.

Out of that day and that life came Jeter Connelly Pritchard, printer, editor, State legislator, United States Senator, justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and now justice of the United States circuit court for the Fourth district.

Not yet fifty years old, he has attained to an eminence among lawyers with which most men would be content to close their careers. With thirty years yet to fight ahead he has made his way within a single step of the nation's Supreme Court. He has done still more than this: he has made this progress—not with the fair and open advantages at the elbow of every law student in the country—but against obstacles so discouraging and difficulties so fixed that all the attainments of his mind pale before the achievements of his will.

### Bound Boy, Chore Boy and Nurse.

One of the Confederate sacrifices to the war left on their own resources a widow and her four children. At the close of the war the eldest of these children, Jeter, was eight years old. For four years he remained with his mother. Then he was "bound out" and delivered into the control of a virtual slave master.

It happened this master was the owner and editor of a country newspaper, the "Jonesboro Tribune-Herald," and the "bound boy" thus became a "devil" in a printing office. But he was not a printer only, he was chore boy and nurse besides. In the morning he tended the horse and cow and worked in the garden. In the day he did a man's work for the "Tribune-Herald." In the late afternoon he relieved the editor's wife of the care of the editorial babies. In the evening the horse and cow claimed him again. At night, when the moon gave light enough, he chopped wood for the neighbors in order to earn money to buy books.

The life was not easy. There were two things, however, which made it harder than need be. The first was that though the young boy could read he could not write, and no one made any effort to teach him. The second was that both the editor and his wife were his bosses.

### Striking Out for Manhood.

One day in midsummer the end came out of the clear sky. The assistant editor had been put at clearing away bean vines for a second planting. The editor's wife stood at the edge of the bed. Word led to word. In a moment the editor-in-chief was running to the garden and catching up a bean pole. Maybe the boy, who was not then fourteen, was wrong; but the neighbors, who recalled the incident long afterward, always gave him their sympathy.

Neither the editor nor his wife struck the bound boy. They had never done so before, and they were stopped from doing so now by an old-fashioned, one-load pistol, held resolutely in a big, brown fist. And that night a stalwart, muscular lad swung along the road leading from the little town of Jonesboro, by the side of Roan Mountain, and down into the village of Bakersville, in North Carolina, thirty-five miles away, and beyond the reach of the Tennessee "bound law."

Most of the distance was covered before daybreak, while the road shone white in the moonlight except where scrub pines drew their outlines across it in jagged shadows or high "woods" shut out the light entirely. The boy's possessions were an extra shirt and 10 cents in money, done up in a "snack" and swung from one hand. His only food was a glass of buttermilk.

### Founding a Newspaper.

In one of the little houses nestled among the hills in Bakersville township the runaway found a friend. This was a "preacher," the Rev. W. C. Bowman, a man who loved boys and understood manliness. He was easily persuaded by the newcomer to look about for work for him to do, and when the two together found the plant of the defunct "McCall Marion," as the Bakersville public ledger was called, their plans to buy it fitted like a screw in a nut.

The "preacher" was to be the editor, the boy the foreman. It fell to the latter, then, to investigate the shop. What he found would have driven a member of one of our union "chapels" half crazy. All the type had been "pied" and thrown into old barrels; the press was an old-style "Washington," a full brother to that on which Ben Franklin published his almanac, and not improved by age. For nearly a month the new foreman worked over the type, sorting long primer from agate and nonpareil from brevier. But in a month the work was done, the office racks were full, and the purchase of the "McCall Marion" was justified.

Young Pritchard had learned to write by this time—how, nobody knows. This new knowledge enabled him to do the local work on the paper, set the type, do the printing and otherwise contribute to the first issue of the "Bakersville Independent." His wage was $35 a month. Before that quarrel in the garden in Jonesboro his wage was $50 for three years; and he had lost even that by running away. In Bakersville he found room and board for $10 a month. After that he did not need to split kindling at night to buy books.

### Reading and Re-Reading.

He did buy books—by the dozen. First he read an exhaustive history of North Carolina. In a week he knew the chief events in that history by heart, and in a month he was an authority on the lives of his State's most active governors. He broadened his study to that of the United States as a nation, and pursued the same course of careful, diligent re-reading until he knew the book from preface to index. Then some one directed him to Livy and Plutarch, and accident put in his hands a life of Henry Clay. Perhaps it was that accident which eventually carried him into the Senate. He himself has said more than once that he took his political principles from his first knowledge of the great Kentucky commoner.

But politics could not monopolize his mind. Even the foreman of a newspaper printing office feels the charm of genuine story telling. The boy had heard in Jonesboro of Dickens and Scott, and now he was to learn what those writers were at first hand. Curious books they were—those copies of "Ivanhoe" and "Oliver Twist" which found their way into that little mountain village. They were brown-backed magazines—some from Edinburgh, some from London, and some from Philadelphia—and they must have cost fully a dollar an installment.

Some of the subscribers to the "Bakersville Independent" sent in their remittances of "scrip" or farm produce by their sons, and some of those sons were students at a college a few miles away—Mars Hill University. On Saturday afternoons those boys debated vigorously to prove that the pen was mightier than the sword and that the end of all government was the peace of its citizens. Pritchard looked toward these discussions as the other country boys looked toward the city. Before long he was admitted to take part in them and one who knew him in those days is authority that he was admitted because he asked in plain, direct, manly fashion that they should take him in even though he was not enrolled at the college.

### A Ten Years' Struggle With Law.

Pritchard found that getting an education in this way took time. Indeed, it took time enough to discourage nine men out of ten. Time enough to make the "Bakersville Independent" a Republican and not an independent paper. Time enough to give him a new "boss"—the Hon. C. T. C. Deake, a carpet-bagging gentleman from the North whose wife proved one of the foreman's best friends. Time enough to put young Pritchard in the Internal Revenue Service and train his courage and self-command as his mind and heart were being trained. Time enough to give him a county reputation as a speaker who "dahed to speak Raypublican."

An event of more moment than any of these came about at this same time: The young printer was married. He was then hardly twenty and his bride's years corresponded to his own. But the couple made up in resolution and industry what they lacked in experience, and in all the years that followed until this brave, strong, womanly lass from the mountains died in a great city hundreds of miles away, they walked side by side, higher and higher in the material plane of life. Her name was Augusta Ray, and her father was a farmer.

They rented their first home. It was a small house near the road and on the edge of a farm of fifty acres. They did the work themselves—the groom with a plow and a harrow, and his sweetheart with a broom and a dishcloth. But they were not content with that. They agreed the head of the new family should study law.

The difficulties were disheartening. In the first place they could not afford to buy the text books. Furthermore the farm took all the work-day and they had no instructors. Yet they found a way out; and they did so simply because they were honestly in earnest.

Country lawyers who knew Pritchard as a printer, lent him a Blackstone, a copy of Kent's "Commentaries," a "Greenleaf on Evidence," and a "Chitty on Pleading." In the morning the man would read a chapter or half a chapter while the woman cooked breakfast. At noon, while the horse fed and the wife made dinner ready for the driver, the husband wrote out a series of questions and answers on the subject of the morning's study. At twilight the horse was bedded, the cow milked, and the wood split out of doors while the children were put to bed—they come quickly in the country—and supper made ready in the house; and then, with light from home-made candles shafted from sconces to a bare table, they sat together until bed time, the man reading his questions and answers and the woman following them in the authorities.

The harvest moon crossed the sky ten times before this law course gave the farmer his degree of admission to the bar. In the meantime the harvester's influence and reputation were growing with his farm. In seven years he was a nominee for the State Legislature, and in his homely way argued the Democratic majority into a Republican majority of 250. In two years more he was re-elected. Another year brought the diploma of admission to practice in the State supreme court. Before he could fairly get used to the honor—and it was a great honor to the young farmer who had been working toward it ten years—he was the nominee for lieutenant governor of the State. Jeter Pritchard's horizon now circled far beyond Bakersville; but the light which guided him still shone on thumbed lawbooks in a little farmhouse near the road.

Doctrinaire though he was—and self-taught men rarely ever get far away from elementary principles—Pritchard saw better than most of his Republican associates that the fight for control of North Carolina was practically hopeless. He had received half a dozen complimentary nominations to the United States Senate and other bodies and he knew. In the light of old conditions he and his fellow-protectionists saw nothing ahead beyond a continuous campaign of education.

Yet Pritchard did not give up hope that conditions might change and when they did change he was as ready to seize the advantage as a general in battle. About 1890 a third party, the Populists, began to make inroads on the Democratic ranks. In two elections the new organization grew to a strength equal to that of the Republicans. In the third election the two anti-Democratic parties would poll a joint vote greater than that of the party in power. State Legislator Pritchard and his young wife set about to effect such a jointure. It was accomplished directly under Democratic eyes. And in 1894 the campaign of education became a campaign of practical success.

Meanwhile old Senator Vance, long the idol of the Tar Heelers, as he called North Carolinians, had died. The State legislators thus succeeded to the unexpected privilege of electing a member of the National Senate. Their eyes instinctively turned to the young farmer who had brought the Legislature into existence. In one ballot they extended the sphere of his labors to include the welfare of the whole nation and the sphere of his influence to include the fortunes of the whole Republican party.

### New Joys and New Difficulties.

Their life in Washington was to be all happiness. Neither the Senator-elect nor his helpful young wife misconstrued the change in their fortunes. They were to live on the same high plane as in their little farmhouse; but they would not need to pinch for supplies. Their joy in the prospect of Washington was as genuine and as simple as that of school children. But in the midst of this realization of all their dreams the woman was taken away. The man bore his sorrow alone and cared for his children year after year; and not until nearly a decade had passed did he find them a new mother. Then he chose one of the true mother's friends—Lillian E. Saum, the daughter of a local commission merchant.

Meanwhile the man's progress in politics was steady. Even the United States Senate was impressed with the accuracy and breadth of the new member's information, and with his unfailing ability to see through the details of a problem to its basic conditions. In fact he had not been in Washington two years before every man prominent in both parties felt the existence of his personal power. President McKinley offered convincing proof of this by proposing to Senator Pritchard a place in the first McKinley Cabinet, but the young Senator—he was not then forty—withstood the temptation to leave the scene of fighting.

Service in the Senate brought the erstwhile assistant editor of the "Jonesboro Tribune-Herald" and the "Bakersville Independent" a national reputation. It also brought Senator Pritchard, of North Carolina, a new problem to solve. His associate in the Senate was Marion C. Butler. As the head of the Populist party in North Carolina, that gentleman had come to the Senate as a result of a coalition with the Republicans of the State. A few years at the head of his State organization led him to think his organization could stand alone; and before the new anti-Democratic union had a real chance to prove its strength, it had torn itself asunder. When Senator Pritchard went back to his people for re-election, then, he found his party consigned anew to its old campaign of education.

### "Never Once Lost Heart."

It was no longer necessary to conduct this campaign from the farmhouse outside Bakersville. The lawyer, with his self-conferred diploma, had now too much ability for that market. The purchaser proved to be the Southern Railway, and the post for which it designed him was that of division counsel. Then the President urged him to become a member of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; and then came further promotion to the circuit court of the United States. The established jurist had become independent of the difficulties of politics.

Some one asked Justice Pritchard, when this last appointment was announced, to what he attributed his success. It was a trite question and ordinarily would have elicited a trite reply. But there is still a great deal of the mountaineer editor in the United States justice, and the answer which he made was something like this:

"I have succeeded so far because I have not been afraid to work. Because I have never deceived people. Because I have always gone directly to my family when my work was done. Because I have never wasted time in men's clubs. Because I have been true to my friends. And because I have been above personalities."

The man Pritchard spoke with characteristic openness in every one of those short, jerky sentences. But those who know him best will agree that he omitted one of the most powerful factors in his life—a spirit brave and strong and above discouragement in the face of the blackest difficulties.

"We have had a mighty hard life," he said once as he stood with his mountain sweetheart by his side. "But it has been a mighty blessed one, too. And we have never lost heart."

## *The Strict Limitations of Russian Newspapers One of the Characteristic Facts in National Life*

THE daily newspaper press of Russia has come into such prominence these last months that some account of it will help toward understanding the present situation, says a St. Petersburg letter to the "New York Sun."

In a country where no executive authorities are elected by vote and such a thing as an open public meeting is unknown, the press is the only gauge of national opinion. Yet the limitations surrounding its existence are so drastic that they must be kept constantly in mind.

When the Czar told two St. Petersburg editors the other day that the Russian press reflected with truth and dignity the feelings of the people, he meant that the ministers were satisfied with its conduct under censorship. He could have meant nothing else; for when a particular paper reflects public opinion unsatisfactorily from their point of view it very promptly ceases to exist.

### Official Censorship.

The censorship, which is a permanent department of the ministry of the interior, controls all published works, scientific or literary, in whatever form they are issued. The question of books and pamphlets is outside of the scope of this article; it is enough to mention that more latitude of expression is allowed in a book that is sold at a high price than in a cheap book. It is held that a man who pays $3 for a book is less likely to be affected injuriously by its contents than another, presumed to be more ignorant, who can afford only 10 cents.

In the cities of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kieff the censorship of newspapers is applied after publication. Elsewhere in Russia they are produced under the preventive censor, that is, their contents are censored before publication.

### Suppressing Circulars.

Absolute obedience is required from all alike to circulars issued by government departments directing them not to mention particular matters. Such circulars appear practically every day.

A man who wishes to publish a newspaper has first to apply to the ministry of the interior for permission. His application is referred to the police, who have his record. If it is found that he has made unacceptable utterances, the official report on him is that he is unsafe, and permission is refused.

Recently three newspapers—"Russia," "Russian Fatherland," and the "Courier of the North"—have been suppressed because of their general attitude. In suppressing a paper a committee of four ministers—those of the interior, justice, and publication, and the procurator of the holy synod—is the executive authority. To suspend its publication for a given period, the minister of the interior acts alone.

### Status of Papers.

A Russian authority on economics who contributes frequently to the periodical and daily press here, explained to your correspondent the status of the best-known journals here. The following remarks embrace the substance of his survey:

The "Novoe Vremya" is the most vigorous paper in Russia, and is hated and feared by most of the others. It has time and again used its influence with the officials to have rivals suppressed.

In its general course of policy it reflects the middle grade permanent civil servant class, a very numerous and influential body, from which nearly all the present ministers have sprung. It may publish anything that does not run counter to government policy.

Its attacks on Americans and English are not inspired, but belong to its program of Russia for the Russians. It is always hostile to the smaller nationalities within the Russian empire—against Finns, Poles, and Armenians—and above all it is anti-Jewish.

### A Liberal Publicist.

M. Souvorine, its editor, was an influential Liberal publicist thirty years ago, when there were Liberal leanings in the government attitude here. He is now an unbending reactionary. A few years ago, when the present Czar came to the throne, and all the world thought a new era was at hand, M. Souvorine again favored progress, but when it became clear that the government system remained the same, he stood with it and is now its champion.

Yet he probably forms the opinion of the middle grade civil servants rather more than he reflects it. He is their teacher and gauges the currents that pass over them from day to day.

Russian students have several times forbidden the paper in their reading rooms. Whatever is Liberal in Russia it attacks.

### A Good Revenue.

Its revenue is about $350,000 a year and its circulation about 60,000. Like most Russian papers it has vastly more readers than its issue would indicate, for, especially in the provinces, the papers are handed round among friends.

The "Grashdanin" ("Citizen") is the paper of Prince Mestschkensky, a friend of the late Czar. It appears twice a week and is out-and-out reactionary and still rages over the liberaton of the serfs.

The articles are too extreme to be taken seriously, though they are clever. Its readers are the Russian noblemen who have come down in the world, have lost much of their estates and have no longer serfs to work for them. This class, which refuses to adapt itself to new conditions, gets more numerous.

The "Novosti" is the only liberal paper now published in St. Petersburg, and its chief work is to reply to the "Novoe Vremya's" attacks on the Jews. Its circulation is inconsiderable and its influence at present of no importance.

The "Bierscheviya Vidomosti" ("Bourse Gazette") is the only journal in Russia that appears twice daily. It has the widest sale of any paper in Russia, about 150,000, mostly in the provinces, where it costs only four roubles, about $2 a year.

### News Sensations.

It reports crime and news sensations more than the others, and runs fiction feuilletons.

Of the same class are the "St. Petersburg Gazette" and the "St. Petersburg Lostok." They have wide circulations and are rather jingo. The smaller storekeepers read them for their local reporting.

The "Peterburgski Viedomosti" is edited by Prince Ukhtomsky, who travelled with the young Emperor when he made his tour of Siberia and Japan, and is still his personal friend. The paper allows itself rather more liberties in expression than the others, from a belief that it is in less danger from the censors.

It takes no trouble to have a service of news and its circulation is small. In policy it is regarded as the advocate of monarchy under a constitution, although its views are not pressed in its columns. It is pan-Slavist, but against persecution of smaller nationalities.

### A Natural Enemy.

Germany it holds to be Russia's natural enemy, and a reproachement with England as well as France is to its liking. Its hostility to the persecution of Finns and Poles is the feeling of the cultivated aristocracy of the salons and is not very earnest. Prince Ukhtomsky himself is a descendant of the first Russian imperial family of Rurik, which is older than the present Romanoff dynasty.

The "Russ" was first produced last December, by a son of M. Souvorine, of the "Novoe Vremya." There are two statements from outside of its attitude. One is that it is a truly progressive paper, fighting the "Novoe Vremya" in earnest.

There are very able men on its staff. One of them was only recently allowed to return from Siberia, where he had been sent for writing an article on the suppressed Russia against the imperial family and the Emperor himself. He is the stylist of the St. Petersburg press.

### Russian Attitude.

The other version of the "Russ" attitude is that really it works in harmony with the "Novoe Vremya;" that the elder Souvorine foresees the inevitable change in Russian public opinion which will be divided into two strongly opposed camps. The two, it is said by the cynics, have arranged that the family should have the leading organ in each party.

There are some minor organs, such as the "Snamiya" (Standard), whose entire program is anti-Semitism. This class of paper appears one day and cannot come out the next, through want of money to pay the printer's bill.

In Moscow is printed the leading progressive paper of all Russia, the "Russkiya Viedomosti." It was founded by a body of university professors working as a partnership. It has a large circulation, and nobody questions its sincerity and courage.

### Favors Western Civilization.

Men of science, doctors of medicine and cultivated professional people generally are its supporters. It favors the adoption by Russia of Western civilization and is against the pan-Slavist party.

An important paper is published in Kieff, by name the "Klevliania" (Inhabitant of Kieff), by M. Pikhno, a professor of political economy. Before the war it opposed the Siberian and Manchurian policy altogether, and issued the severest criticisms on Alexieff of any paper.

It led the attack on the financial politics of M. Witte, and escaped suppression only through the editor's friendship with important functionaries. Its attitude is that of the artisans of western Russia, which is the nursery of revolutionaries her

## *Unmarried Women of Chicago Adopt Infants from Asylums*

ADOPTION of infants and small people by unmarried women, young and old, has become an established factor in the disposal of homeless children in several of the large cities.

The reasons given for the taking to their hearts of the little children who soon come to mean so much to them are as various as the children, but they all express the same thought and feeling. Love for the innocent child nature lies at the root of the adoption.

"Why shouldn't we adopt children?" question the tender-hearted women who have followed the dictates of their natures. "Because a woman does not marry it by no means follows that she is not a good natured mother. And with so many homeless children in the world, good mothers of any kind must certainly be of use."

### Miss Forsythe's Home.

Miss Jessie P. Forsythe has a big house at Winfield, Ill., a big garden and a heart to match it. Miss Forsythe believes that no home is truly complete without children. Two years ago, making up her mind to prove the truth and value of her theory, she looked about her for two small boys. When Miss Mary M. Bartelme, public guardian of Cook county, heard of Miss Forsythe she pleaded in behalf of two orphan girls who were her charges. Miss Forsythe, taking the little girls on trial, found them so charming that she adopted them. In none of the experiences that have enriched her life has she found such delight as in her "children," she unhesitatingly declares. And now, however, she is planning to adopt two small boys.

"My family has not yet been officially informed of my intention in this regard," says Miss Forsythe with the merry smile and eye twinkle that has endeared her to the small adopted daughters, "but I am sufficiently mature and independent to please myself in this particular, and I always did love boys and mean to take two of them, although I couldn't possibly be fonder of anyone than I am of my girls."

### Miss Austin Interested.

Miss Edith Austin, a pretty young writer and society woman of Woodstock, Ill., became a convert to the theory of "vicarious motherhood" in an accidental manner. Says Miss Austin: "Some are born to babies, some achieve them, and some have babies thrust upon them. Miss Dodsley, however, does not come under any of these ordinary classifications, as she does not really belong to me. She has reversed established orders—I belong to her. She took the matter into her own hands and adopted me. She came into the family an orphan, and after looking us over, regardless of the claims of others and with a flattering lack of taste, her preference fell upon me. She surrounded me and took possession, and with her first vocabulary she asserted her ownership by denominating me 'My Deedie.'

"Prior to the debut of Miss Dodsley I was odious with theories concerning baby culture, but this specimen has annihilated my entire collection. I haven't a suggestion left fit to carry to a mothers' meeting.

Helen Burnett Acres, the first "treasure baby" of Dr. Louise Acres, grew so close to her heart that no "own mother" could have been more devoted. And no "own mother" could have mourned and grieved more sincerely than Dr. Acres when, at the age of three and a half years, the baby slipped out of this existence. The Helen Burnett Acres room for tiny babies at the Mary Thompson Hospital is a memorial of her sweet life.

The present delight of Dr. Acres, Elizabeth Stuart Acres, a happy little girl who now trots gayly to kindergarten every day, is of a different type of childhood. But she "fits in" as delightfully as her tiny predecessor, says Dr. Acres, and disseminates no small amount of joy.

### Dr. Gabel Happy.

Dr. Emma Gabel, once a teacher, has always loved little children. Several years ago she adopted Estelle, now a pupil of the Francis Barker School, and began to enjoy life in a new manner. Dr. Gabel insists that in no other way can such varied joy be attained as by the love, companionship, and training of a little child. Some day, with the prospective period of study in Europe completed, Dr. Gabel intends to take another girl to share with Estelle her home and affections.

Few of the women who have adopted little children are willing to consider possibilities of future marriage, although Miss Austin merrily declares she believes her matrimonial opportunities to be greatly strengthened by the "ownership" of "Miss Dodsley," because this small maiden has unblushingly announced her desire and ambition in the matter of having a "papa to dwag on his hand," but each and all are willing to vow that no possible marriage could part them from their beloved babies, and that even in case of such an event the babies would remain easily first in the affections of the women. Dr. Hastings Hart, of Chicago, tells a story in this connection::

### A Family of Three.

"We received, some time ago, an application from a down country woman. She wanted a family of four children, preferably brothers and sisters, for adoption. Such a request stirred our curiosity, and we had the matter investigated. The applicant proved to be a retired school teacher, by no means old or middle aged, who, having had some money left her, was desirous of carrying out a long held ambition and adopting a family. She was a respectable woman, good natured and charming, and eminently suitable for the care of the children she desired.

"We could find for her only a family of three, however, and with these she was fain to be satisfied. She wrote us enthusiastic letters, as time went on, and so did the children. One day our regular agent for that locality 'dropped in' on the family unexpectedly, as is our custom, and sent us, later, an interesting tale.

"Four, instead of three, members of the family shared the dinner table at which they were seated with the woman who had adopted the young people; the fourth member, a pleasant faced man, she introduced as her husband. She merrily explained that she had taken a father for the children, and it was evident that the fivefold relationship was cemented by respect and love."